Vpon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster,
That had befallen vs: as we past along,
Vpon the giddie footing of the hatches,
Me thought that Gloceſter ſtumbled, and in ſtumbling,
Stroke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noiſe of waters in mine eares,
What vgly ſights of death within mine eies:
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wracks,
Ten thouſand men, that fiſhes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of golde, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnualued Iewels,
Some lay in dead mens ſculs, and in thoſe holes,
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As't were in ſcorne of eyes reflecting gems,
Which woed the ſlimie bottom of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay ſcattered by.
Brok. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe?
Clar. Me thought I had: for ſtill the enuious floud
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let it foorth,
To ſeeke the emptie, vaſt, and wandering aire,
But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this ſore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman, which Poets write of,
Vnto the kindome of perpetuall night:
The firſt that there did greet my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law, renowmed Warwicke,
Who cried alowd, what ſcourge for periurie,
Can this darke monarchie affoord falſe Clarence,
And ſo he vaniſht: then came wandring by,

A ſha-

A ſhadow like an Angell in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he ſqueakt out alowd,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
That ſtabd me in the field by Teuxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enirond me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hideous cries, that with the verie noiſe,
I trembling, wakt: and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
Bro. No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenburie, I haue done thoſe things,
Which now beare euidence againſt my ſoule,
For Edwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauie, and I faine would ſleepe.
Bro. I will (my Lo.) God giue your Grace good reſt
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing howers,
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle,
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt their titles, and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murtherers enter.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hithe
Exec. I would ſpeake with Clarence, and I came hith
Bro. Yea, are you ſo briefe? (my
2 *Exec.* O ſir, it is better to be briefe then tedious,
Shew him . . . commiſſion, talke no more. *He reade*
Bro. I am in this commaunded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe of the meaning:
Here are the keies, there ſits the Duke aſleepe,